

The Two Types of Tea

There are two distinct types of tea, namely Black Tea and Green Tea. Both are made from the same bush and both are equally pure. The difference is in the process of manufacture which gives each a different flavour. Black Tea after it is plucked is withered and partially "fired" or dried, then allowed to oxidize by being exposed to the air. This gives Black Tea its dark reddish colour when drawn. Green tea is immediately steamed after plucking, which prevents oxidation. There are delicious blends of "SALADA" in both of these types and also a unique blend of Black and Green Tea Mixed. All are sold in four qualities.

"SALADA"

PENNY PLAIN

BY O. DOUGLAS

Shopman—"You may have your choice—penny plain or two-pence colored."
Solemn Small Boy—"Penny plain, please. It's better value for the money."

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CHAPTER XXV.

Jean awoke early on her wedding morning and lay and thought over the twenty-three years of her life, and wondered what she had done to be so blessed, for, looking back, it seemed one long succession of sunny days. The dark spots seemed so inconsiderable looking back as to be hardly worth thinking about.

Her window faced the east, and the morning sun shone in, promising yet another fine day. Through the glass she could hear Mhor, who always woke early, busy at some game—possibly wigwags with the blankets and sheets—already the chamber-maid had complained of finding the sheets knotted round the bed-posts. He was singing a song to himself as he played. Jean could hear his voice crooning with his naughtiness and his endearing ways! And beloved Jock with his gruff voice and surprised blue eyes, so tender-hearted, so easily affronted. And David—the dear companion of her childhood, the dear companion with her all the pleasure had shared with her all the pleasure had shared with her under the iron rule of Great-aunt Alison, who understood as no one else could ever quite understand, not even Biddy. But as she thought of Biddy, she sprang out of bed, and, leaning out of the window, she turned her face to Little St. Mary's, where her love was, and where presently she would join him.

Five hours later she would stand with him in the church among the blossoms, and they would be man and wife, joined together till death did them part. Jean folded her hands on the window-sill. She felt solemn and quiet and very happy. She had not had much time for thinking in the last few days, and she was glad of this quiet hour. It was good on her wedding morning to tell over the excellent qualities of her dear love. Could there be another such in the wide world? Pamela was happy with Lewis Elliot, and Lewis was kind and good and in every way delightful, but compared with Richard Plantagenet—! In this pedestrian world her Biddy had something of the old cavalier grace. Also, he had more than a streak of Ariel. Would he be content always to be settled at home? He thought so now, but—! Anyway, she wouldn't try to bind him down to keep him to domesticity, making an eagle into a barnyard fowl; she would go with him where she could go, and where she would be

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Use it yourself after smoking or when work drags. It's a great little fresher.

WRIGLEY'S

after every meal

WRIGLEY'S SWEET FRUIT MINT TOBACCO

SEAL TIGHT KEPT RIGHT

ISSUE No. 18—25.

a burden she would send him alone and keep a high heart, till she could welcome him home.

But it was high time that she had her bath and dressed. It would be a morning of dressing, for about 10.30 she would have to dress again for her wedding. The obvious contrast to breakfast in bed, but Jean had rejected the idea as "stuffy." To waste the last morning of April in bed with crumbs of toast and a tray was unthinkable, and by 9.30 Jean was at the station giving Mhor an hour with his beloved locomotives.

"You will like to come to Minterm Abbas, won't you, Mhor?" she said.

Mhor considered.

"I would have liked it better," he confessed, "if there had been a railway line quite near. It was silly of whoever built it to put it so far away."

"When Minterm Abbas was built railways hadn't been invented."

"I'm afraid I wasn't invented before railways," said Mhor. "I would have been very dull."

"You'll have a pony at Minterm Abbas. Won't that be nice?"

"Yes. Oh! there's the signal down at last. That'll be the express to London. I can hear the roar of it already."

Pamela's idea of a wedding garment for Jean was a soft white cloth with Mercury wings. Everything was simple, but everything was exquisitely fresh and dainty.

Pamela dressed her, Mrs. Macdonald looking on, and Mawson fluttering about, admiring but incompetent.

"Something old and something new, Something borrowed and something blue."

Mrs. Macdonald quoted. "Have you got them all, Jean?"

"I don't think so. I've got a lace handkerchief that was my mother's—that's old. And blue ribbon in my underthings. And I've borrowed Pamela's prayer-book, for I haven't one of my own. And all the rest of me's new."

"And the sun is shining," said Pamela, "so you're fortified against ill-luck."

"I hope so," said Jean gravely. "I must see if Mhor has washed his face this morning. I didn't notice at breakfast, and he's such an odd child, he'll wash every bit of himself and neglect his face. Perhaps you'll remember to look, Mrs. Macdonald, when you are with him here."

Mrs. Macdonald smiled at Jean's maternal tone.

"I've brought up four boys," she said, "so I ought to know something of their ways. It will be like old times to have Jock and Mhor to look after."

Mhor went in the car with Jean and Pamela and Mrs. Macdonald. The others had gone on in Lord Bidborough's car, as Mrs. Macdonald wanted to see the vicar before the service. The vicar had asked Jean about the music, saying that the village schoolmistress, who was also the organist, was willing to play. "I don't much like 'The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden,'" Jean told him, "but anything else would be very nice. It is so very kind of her to play."

Mhor mourned all the way to church about Peter being left behind. "There's poor Peter, who is so fond of marriage—he goes to them all in Priorsford—tied up in the yard; and he knows how to behave in a church."

"It's a good deal more than you do," Mrs. Macdonald told him. "You're never still for one moment. I know of at least one person who has had to change his seat because of the sermon watching you bobbing about."

"It's because I don't care about sermons," Mhor replied, and relaxed into dignified silence—a silence sweetened by a large chocolate packet at him by Jean.

They walked through the churchyard, with its quiet sleepers, into the

cool church, where David was waiting to give his sister away. Some of the village women, with little girls in clean pinafores clinging to their skirts, came shyly in after them and sat down at the door. Lord Bidborough, waiting for his bride, saw her come through the doorway, winged like Mercury, smiling back at the children following. . . . then her eyes met his.

The first thing that Jean became aware of was that Mr. Macdonald was reading her own chapter.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein."

"No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there."

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

The schoolmistress had played the wedding march from Lohengrin, and was prepared to play Mendelssohn as the party left the church, but when the service was over Mrs. Macdonald whispered fiercely in Jean's ear. "You can't be married without 'O God of Bethel,'" and ousting the schoolmistress from her place at the organ, she struck the opening chords.

They knew it by heart—Jean and David and Jock and Mhor and Lewis Elliot—and they sang it with the union with which one sings the songs of Zion by Babylon's streams.

"Through each perplexing path of life Our wandering footsteps guide, Give us each day our daily bread And raiment fit provide."

O spread Thy covering wings around Till all our wanderings cease, And at our Father's loved abode Our souls arrive in peace."

Out in the sunshine, among the blossoms, Jean stood with her husband and was kissed and held.

"Jean, Lady Bidborough," said Pamela.

"Gosh, Maggie," said Jock. "I quite forgot Jean would be Lady Bidborough. What a joke!"

"She doesn't look any different," Mhor complained.

"Surely you don't want her different," Mrs. Macdonald said.

"Not very different," said Mhor, "but she's prettier than a Lady—not nearly as tall as Richard Plantagenet."

"As high as my heart," said Lord Bidborough. "The correct height, Mhor."

The vicar lunched with them at the inn. There were no speeches, and no one tried to be funny.

Jock rebuked Jean for eating too much. "It's not manners for a bride to have more than a couple of slices. It's odd," said Jean. "But the last time I was married the same thing happened. D'you remember, David? You were the minister and I was the bride, and I had my pinafore buttoned down the front, and you and Tommy Spott were the bridesmaids. And Great-aunt Alison let us have a cake and some shortbread, and we made strawberry wine overnight. And at the wedding-feast Tommy Spott suddenly pointed at me and said, 'Put that girl out; she's eating the shortbread.' Me—his new-made bride!"

The whole village turned out to see the newly-married couple leave, including the blacksmith and three dogs. It hurt Mhor afeared to see the dogs barking happily while Peter, who would have enjoyed a fight with them, was spending a boring day in the stable-yard, but Jean comforted him with the thought of Peter's delight at Minterm Abbas.

"Will Richard Plantagenet mind if he chases rabbits?"

"You won't, will you, Biddy?" Jean said.

"Not a bit. If you'll stand between me and the wrath of the keepers, Peter may do any mortal thing he likes."

As they drove away through the golden afternoon, Jean said: "I've always wondered what people talked about when they went away on their wedding journey?"

"They don't talk; they just look into each other's eyes in a sort of ecstasy, saying, 'Is it I? Is it thou?'"

"That would be pretty silly," said Jean. "We shan't do that, anyway."

Her husband laughed.

"You are really very like Jock, my dear. D'you remember what your admirer Dr. Johnson said? 'If I had no duties I would spend my life in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman, but she should be one who could understand me and would add something to the conversation.' Wise old man! Tell me, Penny-plain, you're not fretting about

leaving the boys? You'll see them again in a few days. Are you dreading having me undiluted?"

"My dear, you don't suppose the boys come first now, do you? I love them as dearly as ever I did, but compared with you—it's so different, absolutely different—I can't explain. I don't love you like people in books, all on fire and saying wonderful things all the time. But to be with you fills me with utter content. I told you that night in Hopetown that the boys filled my life. And then you went away, and I found that though I had the boys my life and my heart were empty. You are my life, Biddy."

"My blessed child."

About four o'clock they came home. An upland country of pastures and shallow dales fell quietly to the river levels, and on a low spur that was its last outpost stood Minterm Abbas, a thing half of the hills and half of the broad valleys. At its back, beyond the home-woods, was a remote land of sheep walks and forgotten hamlets; at its feet the young Thames in lazy reaches wound through warm meadows. Down the slopes of old pasture fell cascades of daffodils, and in the fringes of the coppices lay the blue haze of wild hyacinths. The house was so wholly in tune with the landscape that the eye did not at once detect it, for its gables might have been part of wood or hillside. It was of stone, and built in many periods and in many styles, which time had softly blended so that it seemed a perfect thing without beginning, as long descended as the folds of downs which sheltered it. The austere Tudor front, the Restoration front, the offices built under Queen Anne, the library added to the Georgians, had by some alchemy become one. Fences and long memories were in every line of it, and that air of a home which belongs only to places that have been loved for generations. It breathed comfort, but it yet had a tonic vigor in it, for while it stood knee-deep in the green valley its head was fanned by moorland winds.

Jean held her breath as she saw it. It seemed to her the most perfect thing that could be imagined.

She walked in shyly, winged like Mercury, to be greeted respectfully by hands with each one smiling at them with her "doggy" eye, wishing all the time for Mrs. McCosh, who was not specially respectful, but always homely and humorous.

"I asked them to put it here," Lord Bidborough said. "I thought you'd like to have this for your own sitting-room. It's just a little like the room at The Rigs."

"Oh, Biddy, it is. I saw it when I came in. May I really have it for my own? It feels as if people had been happy in it. It has a welcoming air. And what a gorgeous room! She sat down at the table and pulled off her gloves. "Isn't life frightfully well arranged? Every day is so full of new things to do. No, I'm not greedy, but what I mean is, it would be just a little 'stawsome' if you had nothing to do but love all the time."

"My darling, like you I've sometimes wondered what people talked about on their honeymoon, but never in my wildest imaginings did I dream like to be buried."

Jean hid an abashed face for a moment against her husband's sleeve; then she looked up at him and laughed.

"It sounds mad—but I mean it," she said.

"It's all the fault of your Great-aunt Alison. Tell me, Jean, girl, I'm not laughing—how will this day look from your death-bed?"

Jean looked at the river, then she looked into her husband's eyes, and put both her hands into his.

"Ah, my dear love," she said, softly, "if that day leaves me any remembrance of what I feel to-day, I'll be so glad to have lived that I'll go out of the world cheering."

The End.

White bread and all the other products of white flour are the cause of tooth decay.—Sir Harry Baldwin (Surgeon-dentist to the King).

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Sunlight Soap

"I shan't have to learn. I love it already."

"And feel it home?"

"Yes, Biddy, there's just one thing. I shall love our home with all my heart and be absolutely content here if you promise me one thing—that when I die I'll be taken to the grave in a coffin of Sunlight soap. I know it doesn't matter where the pickle dust that was made by me, but I don't think I could be quite happy if I didn't know that one day I should lie within sound of Tweed, 'You're laughing, Biddy.'"

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The End.

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French Game Sanctuary.

France has ordered that an immense tract in its possessions in southern waters be set aside as a sanctuary for game. The places to be protected are Kerguelen Island, the Crozet Archipelago, the islands of St. Paul and New Amsterdam and the stretch of coast of the antarctic continent known as Adelle Land. The principal creatures that will be protected are seals and penguins, which are on the verge of becoming extinct, polar bears, walrus and sea lions. The French naval station in Madagascar will be responsible for patrolling the new reserve.

The world's tiniest observation balloon is only fourteen feet long.

SWEET POTATO GROWING

From experiments which have been conducted over the past few years in the Oliver district of British Columbia, a further expansion in the agricultural scope of some importance may not unreasonably be expected, and without undue optimism it is possible to anticipate the time when, after experiments have proceeded through further stages and additional data is obtained, British Columbia will be producing sweet potatoes in some quantities, at least to a sufficient extent to obviate the voluminous importations which are taking place at the present time. The experience of the past few years are narrated by James H. Mitchell, who has been an assiduous and enthusiastic experimenter.

His own experiments cover two years, and are modestly given only upon request. Whilst he has gained considerable knowledge of the crop, he feels that a complete practice for the growing of sweet potatoes in this section of the Pacific Coast Province has not yet been worked out. The United States practice has to be modified to meet local conditions, and only by further experimentation does he feel that the various problems yet confronting growers will be overcome.

In the year 1922 several settlers in the Oliver district secured plants of the Nancy Hall variety which thrived in a gratifying manner and yielded quite heavily. Unfortunately they were not able to successfully bring seed tubers through the winter, so that they faced the spring without seed. The possibilities of the sweet potato as an interplanted crop to use until the young orchards of the district came into bearing were of such interest and value that there was no question of discontinuing the experiments.

Results of Experimentation.

In 1923, therefore, further seed was ordered from the United States, this proving upon arrival to be Porto Rico. The plants were grown in greenhouses and plantings made from the last week in May and throughout June. The yield from about 2,500 plants was found to be in the neighborhood of one pound per plant, or rather better than the United States average of 110-56lb. per acre.

Experiments were continued with a number of varieties during the 1924 season, and past experience encouraged a considerable widening in the scale of effort. In the fall of 1923 seeds of various moist or sugar varieties and of the dry, or Jersey, varieties were secured and came through the winter in first-class shape. In all, some 13,000 plants were set out. The 1924 season was an unusual one for the Oliver district, featuring extreme heat, a high wind storm in July and cool spells later. All crops were considerably affected in growth and yield, the sweet potatoes, which require a clear 100 days of growing season, being naturally very seriously retarded. The various Jersey types yielded a very small crop of marketable sweets, and as a good proportion of these had been planted, the average was very much reduced. The three moist varieties, however, yielded at the rate of half a pound per plant of marketable potatoes. "At from 8,000 to 10,000 plants per acre, at this rate of yield," writes Mr. Mitchell, "sweet potatoes would be quite profitable to grow, the price prevailing in 1924 being seven cents per pound f.o.b. Oliver, B.C."

The Advantages of Fertilizers.

Mr. Mitchell believes that even the occurrence of such an unsatisfactory year as 1924 could be considerably mitigated by the judicious use of commercial fertilizers, and experiments along these lines are to be conducted in the present year. The greatest difficulty experienced seems to be in saving seed over the winter. So far no diseases have made their appearance. Altogether the past two years have resulted in the acquisition of much valuable information on the subject, and growers feel they are on their way towards reaching a reasonably successful and certain method of producing sweet potatoes in paying quantities in this section of British Columbia.

The addition of such a crop to British Columbia's annual production would be distinctly valuable from many points of view. Disregarding the possibilities of export there is a voluminous domestic market. In the past three years Canada has imported respectively 3,510,240 lbs. of sweet potatoes worth \$111,726; 4,610,400 lbs. worth \$85,811; and 3,956,034 lbs. worth \$100,248. These are being brought in to the Dominion almost entirely from the United States, though small quantities are also imported from Japan, Hong Kong and other countries.

THE UNDERSTANDING

"I do not want you to question what I say, Robert; if I tell you to do a thing you don't need to know the reason why," said a mother the other day.

I wondered what the child thought. Did he get the idea, as many a child has done, that because a Mother says a big "No" and he was a little boy she could make him do things which ever she wanted to?

I heard a young mother say the other day, "Oh, I am so afraid I don't understand Teddy, he is such a little child," and I thought, "It would be much better for you to be sure you understand whether Teddy will always do as you bid."

To you who believe that much of the discipline and the training of the difference of children comes from them, I had observed that the parents of them. I had observed that the parents of them. I had observed that the parents of them. I had observed that the parents of them.

"Let's make the example for Bobby," Bobby," is much better than "This is your toy all once." In the former case, the child has been given a reason for what he is required to do, and so the request appeals to him.

Older people are often told to give these little tots, who come out of their dream world to bump against requests of ours that seem senseless to them. I had observed that the parents of them. I had observed that the parents of them. I had observed that the parents of them.

You will find it helpful to ask yourself daily: "Does my baby grasp what I mean?" "Does he get the idea behind that request?" "Does his little mind wonder at my actions?" "Do I take more time to explain and have less desire to command?"

We should lead instead of drive, give the reason with the command, and question the child's understanding. A mother may thus avoid the misunderstanding and being misunderstood by her own baby, who so doubtfully wonders at the designs of grownups.

A School-Lunch Garden.

Now that many schools are serving the hot lunch at the noon hour, it will be wisdom on the mother's part to prepare for it in advance.

While planning and planting the garden we may take the first steps in preparation for it. Many of the lunches now being served to school children consist of soups calling mainly for vegetables. Plant a few extra rows of those vegetables which are used in the soup-making. Carrots, okra and sweet peppers are nice soups.

Most of the gardens I have seen are large enough to take care of an extra number of cans of vegetables. So, for a good many people, beginning at the canning season is soon enough to begin preparations. Canning a number of jars of soup mixtures simplifies the work at the schoolhouse winter. These are so handy to put up, too, as often one may use odds and ends of vegetables.

In the fall, when you kill a beef, put up several extra jars of stock for

THE DAIRY COW NEWS

A large percentage of cows drop their calves in May. When calving time approaches the owner of a cow naturally becomes anxious, for apparently the finer the cow the more liable she is to go wrong at calving time, and the more careful will have to be her handling.

The most common causes of trouble at calving time are hot, badly ventilated or damp stables, overfeeding and lack of exercise. Opposite conditions, such as under-feeding, exposure and inadequate shelter also cause trouble. Disease also causes losses.

Every cow should come to the calving time with her muscles in strong condition and her bowels active. Flabby muscles and constipation spell certain difficulty in calving. The fat, contipated, pumpered cow really is weak and will not well withstand the trial of calving. The thin half-starved cow that has been exposed to all of the inclemencies of the weather is in just as poor condition to endure calving. Her calf is likely to be small and weak, while the calf of the pumpered cow may either be fat, flabby and weak, or puny and unable to survive. The diseases most likely to cause loss of the cow at the time of calving, or soon afterward, are tuberculosis, contagious abortion, infection and acute forms of mastitis, or inflammation of the udder.

To prevent trouble at calving time every cow should be "dried off" in milk secretion for at least six weeks before calving, and during the six weeks should be made to take daily exercises in the open air, or in a big shed if the weather is stormy.

Protein-rich rations and those of a constipating nature should be greatly reduced. Cut the silage ration in half. Feed enough bran and flaxseed meal to keep the bowels active. While reducing the rich feed do not starve the cow, for she needs plenty of stored up energy and milk-producing elements in her tissues; these are derived from the feed she does not use in forming her calf, maintaining her own body and producing milk.

When the udder enlarges excessively,